SPRINGFIELD GLOBE-REPUBLIC

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Indications.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Tennessee and Ohio Valley: Increasing cloudiness, followed by local snows, rising temperature, falling barometer, variable winds, generally northeasily in Tennessee.

Hogs vs. Snakes.

Adam Schardt lives on Kelly's island. He is a rare old German with a sweet accent. He gives the following history of the early settlers of Kelly's island: In the first place, the island was literally covered with snakes and reptiles, and no human being, not even the noble red man, had the courage to dispute their right and title to the island. During a heavy storm, many years ago, a schooner was wrecked off McGodgain's point. The boat carried a cargo of live hogs. All hands were lost, but the hogs swam ashore, and, as they found little else to feed upon, they made a diet of snakes. In the course of time they succeeded in devouring all the snakes on the island. Then the Kelly family put in an appearance and began to devouring the hogs, a feat which was accomplished easily and quickly. Nothing has since succeeded in exterminating the Kelly family.—*New York Sun.*

By means of the new electric brake, the invention of an American, it is said that a train running at a speed of about twenty-five miles an hour was stopped in the short space of six seconds, and within a distance of twenty yards.

SPRINGFIELD RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED BY CHAS. W. PAYSTER & CO.

Daily Report—Saturday, Feb. 21, 1885.

PROVISIONS.

BUTTER—Scarce at 20a25c retail.
EGGS—Scarce at 25c. per doz.
POULTRY—Good demand; chickens, young, 20a30c; old, 25a35c each.
APPLES—$1 00a1 50 per bush.
POTATOES—50c per bush.
SWEET POTATOES—None.
CABBAGE—Scarce; $1.20 a $2.00 per bbl.; 15c per head.
ONIONS—Scarce; $1.20 per bush.
SALT—Snow-flake brand, $1.25 per bbl.
COAL OIL—8½a15a20c per gal.
LARD—10c.
SUGAR-CURED MEATS—Sides, 10c; shoulders, 10c; hams, 14c; b. bacon, 12½c.

GROCERIES.

SUGARS—A large demand and prices low; granulated, 7c per lb: "A" white, 6¾c per lb; extra C light, 6¼c per lb; yellow C, 5¾c per lb; C, 5c per lb.
COFFEE—Marke lower; Java, 20a30c per lb; Rio, golden, 18a20 per lb; Rio, prime green, 12½a15c per lb; Rio, xx mon, 10c per lb.
SYRUPS—40a50a70c per gal.
MOLASSES—New Orleans, 60a80c per gal; sorgham 60c per gal.
RICE—Best Carolina, 8½c per lb.
OYSTERS—30c per qt.
DRIED APPLES—8 1-3c per lb.
DRIED PEACHES—12½c per lb.
CHICKENS—Dressed, $2 75a$3.35a$3 50 per dozen.
TURKEYS— " 12½c per lb.
DUCKS— " $2 75a3 50 per doz.
RABBITS—None.

WOOL.

Fine washed, 28a30c; unwashed, ½ off.

DRIED FRUITS.

RAISINS—New 10a12½c per lb.
CURRANTS—New 7½c per lb.
APPLES—New 8½c pe. lb.
PEACHES—Halves 12½c; mixed 8½c per lb.
PRUNES—N w 7½c per lb.

FLOUR.

¼ Bbl—Gold Dust, 75c.
½ Bbl—Gold Dust, $1.50.
¼ Bbl—White Rose, 55c.
½ Bbl—Dayton S. F., 65c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

His Birthday and His Monument.

Splendid Dedicatory Oration by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts.

Also Eloquent Address by Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia.

Speech by Senator Sherman.

Washington Monument Dedicatory Exercises.

WASHINGTON, February 21.—At the dedicatory services of the Washington monument today there was a large attendance. In the hall of the senate, Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, presided and made an appropriate and eloquent introductory address, stating that he had been selected to preside by a resolution of Congress. The monument, said the senator, speaks for itself—simple in form, admirable in proportions, composed of enduring marble and granite, resting upon foundations broad and deep, it rises into the skies higher than any work of human art. It is the most imposing, costly and appropriate monument ever erected in honor to one man. It had its origin in a profound conviction of the people, irrespective of party, creed or race, not only in this country, but of all civilized countries, that the name and fame of Washington should be perpetuated by a most imposing testimonial of the nation's gratitude to its hero, statesman and father. This universal sentiment took form in a movement by private citizens, associated under the name of the Washington National Monument Association, who, on the first of January 1848, secured from congress an act authorizing them to erect the proposed monument on this ground.

Senator Sherman described the monument as "a fit memorial of the greatest character in human history."

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the well-known banker and art patron, then described at length the part taken in the initiation of the project and the construction of the monument.

The following oration, on the completion of the Washington Monument was then delivered by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston:

President Arthur, Senators and Representatives of the United States:

By a joint resolution of congress, you have called upon me to address you in this hall today, on the completion of yonder colossal monument to the Father of his Country. Nothing less imperative than your call could have brought me before you for such an effort. Nearly seven and thirty years have passed away since it was my privilege to perform a similar service at the laying of the corner-stone of that monument. In the prime of manhood, and in the pride of official station, it was not difficult for me to speak to assembled thousands, in the open air, without notes, under the scorching rays of a midsummer sun. But what was easy for me then is impossible for me now. I am here today, as I need not tell you, in far other condition for the service you have assigned me,—changed, changed in almost every thing, except an inextinguishable love for my country and its union, and an undying reverence for the memory of Washington. On these alone I rest for inspiration, assured that, with your indulgence, and the blessing of God which I devoutly invoke, they will be sufficient to sustain me in serving as a medium for keeping up the continuity between the hearts and hands which laid the foundation of this gigantic structure, and these younger hearts and hands which have at last brought forth the capstone with shoutings. It is for this you have summoned me. It is for this alone I have obeyed your call.

Meantime, I cannot wholly forget that the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams—at whose death-bed in my official chamber beneath this roof, I was a privileged watcher thirty-seven years ago this very day—had been originally designated to pronounce the corner-stone oration, as one who had received his first commission, in the long and brilliant career at home and abroad which awaited him, from the hands of Washington himself. In that enviable distinction I certainly have no share; but I may be pardoned for remembering that, in calling upon me to supply the place of Mr. Adams, it was borne in mind that I had but lately taken the oath as Speaker at his hands and from his lips, and that thus, as was suggested at the time, the electric chain, though lengthened by a single link, was still unbroken. Let us hope that the magnetism of that chain may not even yet be entirely exhausted, and that I may still catch something of its vivifying and quickening power, while I attempt to bring to the memory of Washington the remnants of a voice which is failing, and of a vigor which, I am conscious, is ebbing away.

It is now, Mr. President, Senators and Representatives, more than half a century since a voluntary association of patriotic citizens initiated the project of erecting a national monument to Washington in the city which bears his name. But I look around in vain for any of the principal witnesses of that imposing ceremonial—the venerable widows of Alexander Hamilton and James Madison; President Polk and his Cabinet, as then constituted—Buchanan, Marcy, John Y. Mason, Walker, Cave Johnson, and Clifford; Vice-President Dallas; George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the great chief; not forgetting Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, both then members of the House of Representatives, and for whom the liveliest imagination could hardly have pictured what the future had in store for them. Of that whole Congress there are now but a handful of survivors, and probably not more than two or three of them present here today—not one in either branch of Congress, nor one, as I believe, in any department of the national service.

To those of us who took part in the laying of that first stone, or who witnessed the ceremonies of the august occasion, and who have followed the slow ascent of the stupendous pile, sometimes with hope and sometimes with despair, its successful completion is, I need not say, an unspeakable relief, as well as a heart-felt delight and joy. I hazard little in saying that there are some here today—unwearied workers in the cause, like my friends Horatio King and Dr. Toner—to name no others—to whose parting hour a special pang would have been added, had they died without the sight which now greets their longing eyes on yonder plain.

I dare not venture on any detailed description of the long intervening agony between the laying of the first stone and the lifting of the last. It would fill a volume, and will be sure hereafter to furnish material for an elaborate monograph, whose author will literally find "sermons in stones"—for almost every stone has its story, if not its sermon. Every year of the first decade, certainly, had its eventful and noteworthy experiences. The early enthusiasm which elicited contributions, to the amount of more than a quarter of a million of dollars, from men, women and children in all parts of the land, and which carried up the shaft more than a hundred and seventy feet almost at a bound; the presentation and formal reception of massive blocks of marble, granite, porphyry, or free-stone, from every State in the Union and from so many foreign nations—beginning, according to the catalogue, with a stone from Bunker Hill, and ending with one from the Emperor of Brazil; the annual assemblies at its base on each succeeding Fourth of July, with speeches by distinguished visitors; the sudden illness and sad death of that sterling patriot, President Zachary Taylor, after an exposure to the mid-day heat at the gathering in 1850, when the well-remembered Senator Foote, of Mississippi had indulged in too exuberant an address;—these were among its beginnings;—the end was still a whole generation distant.

Later on came the long, long disheartening pause, when—partly owing to the financial embarrassments of the times, partly owing to the political contentions and convulsions of the country, and partly owing to unhappy dissensions in the Association itself—any further contributions failed to be forthcoming, all interest in the Monument seemed to flag and die away, and all work on it was suspended and practically abandoned. A deplorable civil war soon followed, and all efforts to renew popular interest in its completion were palsied.

And well might that crude and undigested mass have stood so forever, or until the hand of man or the operation of the elements should have crushed and crumbled it into dust, if our Union had then perished. An unfinished, fragmentary, crumbling monument to Washington would have been a fit emblem of a divided and ruined country. Washington himself would not have had it finished. He would have desired no tribute, however imposing, from either half of a disunited Republic. He would have turned with abhorrence from being thought the Father of anything less than One Country, with one Constitution and one Destiny.

And how cheering and how inspiring the reflection, how grand and glorious the fact, that no sooner were our unhappy contentions at an end, no sooner were Union and Liberty, one and inseparable, once more and, as we trust and believe, forever reasserted and reassured, than this monument to Washington gave signs of fresh life, began to attract new interest and new effort, and soon was seen rising again slowly but steadily towards the skies,—stone after stone, course upon course, piled up in peace, with foundations extended to the full demand of the enormous weight to be placed upon them, until we can now hail it as complete! Henceforth and forever it shall be lovingly associated, not only with the memory of him in whose honor it has been erected, but with an era of assured peace, unity, and concord, which would have been dearer to his heart than the costliest personal memorial which the toil and treasure of his countrymen could have constructed. The Union is itself the all-sufficient and the only sufficient monument to Washington. The Union was nearest and dearest to his great heart. "The Union in any event," were the most emphatic words of his immortal farewell address. Nothing less than the Union would ever have been accepted or recognized by him as a monument commensurate with his services and his fame. Nothing less ought ever to be accepted or recognized as such by us, or by those who shall rise up, generation after generation, to do homage to his memory!

Finis coronat opus. The completion crowns the work. Today that work speaks for itself, and needs no other orator. Mute and lifeless as it seems, it has a living and audible voice for all who behold it, and no one can misinterpret its language. Nor will any one, I think, longer cavil about its design. That design, let me add, originally prepared by the Washington architect, Robert Mills of South Carolina, and adopted long before I had any relations to this Association, was commended to public favor by such illustrious names as Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster. A colonnade encircling its base, and intended as a sort of Pantheon, was soon discarded from the plan. Its main feature, from the first, was an obelisk, after the example of that which had been recently agreed upon for Bunker Hill. And so it stands today, a simple, sublime obelisk of pure white marble, its proportions, in spite of its immense height, conforming exactly to those of the most celebrated obelisks of antiquity, as my accomplished and lamented friend, our late minister to Italy, so happily pointed out to us. It is not, indeed, as were those ancient obelisks, a monolith, a single stone cut whole from the quarry; that would have been obviously impossible for anything so colossal. Nor could we have been expected to attempt the impossible in deference to Egyptian methods of construction. We might almost as well be called on to adopt as the emblems of American progress the bronze Crabs which were found at the base of Cleopatra's Needle! America is certainly at liberty to present new models in art as well as in government, or to improve upon old ones; and, as I ventured to suggest some years ago, our monument to Washington will be all the more significant and symbolic in embodying, as it does, the idea of our cherished National motto, E PLURIBUS UNUM. That compact, consolidated structure, with its countless blocks, inside and outside, held firmly in position by their own weight and pressure, will ever be an instructive type of the National strength and grandeur which can only be secured by the union of "many into one."

Had the fine arts, indeed, made such advances in our country forty years ago as we are now proud to recognize, it is not improbable that a different design might have been adopted; but I am by no means sure it would have been a more effective and appropriate one. There will always be ample opportunity for the display of decorative art in our land. The streets and squares of this city and of all our great cities are wide open for the statues and architectural memorials of our distinguished statesmen and soldiers, and such monuments are everywhere welcomed and honored. But is not—I ask in all sincerity—is not the acknowledged pre-eminence of the Father of his Country, first without a second, more fitly and adequately represented by that soaring shaft, rising high above trees and spires and domes, and all the smoke and stir of earth—as he ever rose above sectional prejudices, and party politics, and personal interests—overtopping and dominating all its surroundings, gleaming and glistening out at every vista as far as human sight can reach, arresting and riveting the eye at every turn, while it shoots triumphantly to the skies? Does not—does not, I repeat, that Colossal Unit remind all who gaze at it, more forcibly than any arch or statue could do, that there is one name in American history above all other names, one character more exalted than all other characters, one example to be studied and reverenced beyond all other examples, one bright particular star in the clear upper sky of our firmament, whose guiding light and peerless lustre are for all men and for all ages, never to be lost sight of never to be unheeded? Of that name, of that character, of that example, of that glorious guiding light, our Obelisk, standing on the very spot selected by Washington himself for a monument to the American Revolution, and on the site which marks our National meridian, will be a unique memorial and symbol forever.

For oh, my friends, let us not longer forget, or even seem to forget, that we are here to commemorate, not the Monument, but the Man. That stupendous pile has not been reared for any vain purpose of challenging admiration for itself. If it is not, I need not say it is not, as a specimen of advanced art, for it makes no pretention to that;—it is not as a signal illustration of engineering skill and science, though that may confidently be claimed for it;—it is not, certainly it is not, as the tallest existing structure in the world—for we do not measure the greatness of men by the height of their monuments, and we know that this distinction may be done away with, here or elsewhere, in future years;—but it is as a memorial of the pre-eminent figure in modern or in ancient history, the world over—of the man who has left the loftiest example of public and private virtues, and whose exalted character challenges the admiration and the homage of mankind;—it is this example, and this character—it is the man, and not the monument—that we are here to commemorate!

Assembled in these legislative halls of the nation, as near to the anniversary of his birth as a due respect for the Day of our Lord will allow, to signalize the long-delayed accomplishment of so vast a work, it is upon him in whose honor it has been upreared, and upon the incomparable and inestimable services he has rendered to his country and to the world, that our thoughts should be concentrated at this hour. Yet what can I say, what can any man say, of Washington, which has not already been rendered as familiar as household words, not merely to those who hear me, but to all readers of history and all lovers of liberty throughout the world? How could I hope to glean anything from a field long ago so carefully and lovingly reaped by such men as John Marshall and Jared Sparks, by Guizot and Edward Everett and Washington Irving, as well as by our eminent living historian, the venerable George Bancroft, happily here with us today

Others, many others, whom I dare not attempt to name or number, have vied with each other in describing a career, of whose minutest details no American is ever weary, and whose variety and interest can never be exhausted. Every stage and every step of that career, every scene of that great and glorious life, from the hour of his birth, one hundred and fifty-three years ago—"about ten in the morning of ye 11th day of February 1731-32," as recorded in his mother's Bible—in that primitive Virginia farmhouse in the county of Westmoreland, of which the remains of the "great brick chimney of the kitchen" have been identified only within a few years past—every scene, I say, of that grand and glorious life, from that ever memorable hour of his nativity, has been traced and illustrated by the most accomplished and brilliant pens and tongues of our land.

His childhood, under the loving charge of that venerated mother, who delighted to say that "George had always been a good son," who happily lived, not only to see him safely restored to her after the exposures and perils of the revolutionary struggle, but to see him, in her eighty-second year, unanimously elected to be President in peace of the country of which he had been the savior in war; his primary education in that "old-field schoolhouse," with Hobby, the sexton of the parish, for his first master; his early and romantic adventures as a land-surveyor; his narrow escape from being a midshipman in the British navy, at fourteen years of age, for which a warrant had been obtained and his luggage actually put on board a man-of-war anchored in the river just below Mount Vernon; his still narrower and hair-breath escapes from Indian arrows and from French bullets, and his survival—the only mounted officer not killed—at the defeat of Braddock, of whom he was aid-de-camp; together with that most remarkable prediction of the Virginia pastor, Samuel Davies, afterward President of Princeton College, pointing him out—in a sermon, in 1755, on his return, at the age of twenty-three, from the disastrous field of the Monongahela—as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country";—who has forgotten, who can ever forget, these most impressive incidents of that opening career by which he was indeed so providentially preserved, prepared and trained up for the eventful and illustrious future which awaited him?

Still less can any American forget his taking his seat, soon afterward, in the Virginia House of Burgesses—with the striking tribute to his modesty which he won from the Speaker—and his subsequent election to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, where on the 15th of June, 1775, at the suggestion of John Adams and on motion of Thomas Johnson, afterward Governor of Maryland, he was unanimously appointed "General and Commander-in-Chief of such forces as are, or shall be, raised for the maintenance and preservation of American Liberty." Nor can any of us require to be reminded of the heroic fortitude, the unswerving constancy, and the unsparing self-devotion, with which he conducted, through seven or eight years, that protracted contest, with all its toils and trials, its vexations and vicissitudes, from the successful siege of Boston, his first great triumph, followed by those masterly movements on the Delaware which no less celebrated a soldier than Frederick the Great declared "the most brilliant achievements of any recorded in the annals of military action,"—and so along,—through all the successes and reverses and sufferings and trials of Monmouth and Brandywine and Germantown and Valley Forge,—to the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, where, with the aid of our generous and gallant allies, under the lead of Rochambeau, and De Grasse, and Lafayette, he won at last that crowning victory on the soil of his beloved Virginia.

Nor need I recall to you the still nobler triumphs witnessed during all this period—triumphs in which no one but he had any share—triumphs over himself; not merely in his magnanimon appreciation of the exploits of his subordinates, even when unjustly and maliciously contrasted with disappointments and alleged inaction of his own, but in repelling the machinations of discontented and mutinous officers at Newburgh, in spurning overtures to invest him with dictatorial and even Kingly power, and in finally surrendering his sword and commission so simply, so sublimely, to the Congress from which he had received them

Or, turn sharply from this summary and familiar sketch of his military career—of which, take it for all in all, its long duration, its slender means, its vast theater, its glorious aims and ends and results, there is no parallel in history—turning sharply from all this, need I recall him, in this presence, presiding with paramount influence and authority over the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and then, with such consummate discretion, dignity and wisdom, over the original administration of that Constitution, when the principles and precedents of our great Federal system of Covernment were moulded, formed and established?

It was well said by John Milton, in one of his powerful defenses of the people of England, "War has made many great, whom Peace makes small." But of Washington we may say, as Milton said of Cromwell, that, while War made him great, Peace made him greater; or rather that both War and Peace alike gave opportunity for the display of those incomparable inate qualities, which no mere circumstances could create or destroy.

But his sword was not quite yet ready to rest quietly in the scabbard. Need I recall him once more, after his retirement from a second term of the Chief Magistracy, accepting a subordinate position under his successor in the Presidency, as Lieutenant-General of the American armies, in view of an impending foreign war, which, thank God, was so happily averted!

Nor can any one who hears me require to be reminded of that last scene of all, when, in his eight-and-sixtieth year, having been overtaken by a fatal shower of sleet and snow, in the midst of those agricultural pursuits in which he so much delighted, at Mount Vernon, he laid himself calmly down to die—"not afraid to go," as he whispered to his physician—and left his whole country in tears such as had never flowed before, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!"

Eighty-five years ago tomorrow—his sixty-eighth birthday was solemnly assigned by Congress for a general manifestation of that overwhelming national sorrow, and for the commemoration, by eulogies, addresses, sermons, and religious rites, of the great life which had thus been closed. But long before that anniversary arrived, and one day only after the sad tidings had reached the seat of Government in Philadelphia, President John Adams, in reply to a message of the House of Representatives, had anticipated all panegyrics by a declaration, as true today as it was then, that he was "the most illustrious and beloved personage which this country ever produced;" while Henry Lee, of Virginia, through the lips of John Marshall, had summed up and condensed all that was felt, and all that could be or ever can be said, in those imperishable words which will go ringing down the centuries, in every clime, in every tongue, till time shall be no more—"First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen!"

But there are other imperishable words which will resound through the ages—words of his own, not less memorable than his acts—some of them in private letters, some of them in inaugural addresses, and some of them, I need not say, in that immortal Farewell Address which an eminent English historian has pronounced "unequalled by any composition of uninspired wisdom," and which ought to be learned by heart by the children of our schools, like the laws of the Twelve Tables in the schools of ancient Rome, and never forgotten when those children grow up to the privileges and responsibilities of manhood.

It was a custom of the ancient Egyptians, from whom the idea of our monument has been borrowed—I should rather say evolved—to cover their obelisks with hieroglyphical inscriptions, some of which have to this day perplexed and baffled all efforts to decipher them. Neither Champollion, nor the later Lepsius, nor any of the most skillful Egyptologists, have succeeded in giving an altogether satisfactory reading of the legends on Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. And those inscriptions, at their best, engraved, as they were, on the granite or porphyry, with the letters enameled with gold, and boasted of as illuminating the world with their rays, tell us little except the dates and doings of some despotic Pharaoh, whom we willingly would have seen drowned in the ocean of oblivion, as one of them so deservedly was in the depths of the Red Sea. One row of the inscriptions on Cleopatra's Needle, as it so strangely greets us in the fashionable promenade of our commercial capital, informs us, in magniloquent terms, of Thothmes III., who lived in the age in which Moses was born, the age which saw the exodus of the Israelites. He is set down as "a Child of the Sun, endowed with power, life, and stability." Other inscriptions style him, or some other Paraoh to whom they relate, the "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," "The Conqueror," "The Strong Bull!"

Our Washington Needle, while it has all of the severe simplicity, and far more than all of the massive grandeur, which were the characteristics of Egyptian architecture, bears no inscriptions whatever, and none are likely to ever be carved on it. Around its base basrelie's in bronze may possibly one day be placed, illustrative of some of the great events of Washington's life; while on the terrace beneath may, perhaps, be arranged emblematic figures of Justice, of Patriotism, of Peace, Liberty and Union. All this, however, may well be left for future years, or even for future generations. Each succeeding generation, indeed, will take its own pride in doing whatever may be wisely done in adorning the surroundings of this majestic pile, and in thus testifying its own homage to the memory of the Father of his Country. Yet to the mind's eye of an American patriot those marble faces will never seem vacant—never seem void of voiceless. No mystic figures or hieroglyphical signs will, indeed, be described on them. No such vain-glorious words as "Conqueror," or "Chastiser of Foreign Nations," nor any such haughty assumption or heathen ascription as "Child of the Sun," will be deciphered on them. But ever and anon, as he gazes, there will come flashing forth in letters of living light some of the great words, and grand precepts, and noble lessons of principle and duty, which are the matchless bequest of Washington to his country and to mankind.

Can we not all read them already, as if graven by some invisible finger, or inscribed with some sympathetic ink—which it requires no learning of scholars, no lore of Egypt, nothing but love of our own land, to draw out and make legible—those masterly words of his letter to the Governors of the States, in 1783:

"There are four things which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being—I may even venture to say, to the existence—of the United States as an independent power: First, an indissoluble Union of the States under one Federal head; second, a sacred regard to Public Justice; third, the adoption of a proper Peace Establishment; and, fourth, the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies, to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity, and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community. These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported."

Can we not read, again, on another of those seemingly vacant sides, that familiar passage in his Farewell Address—a jewel of thought and phraseology, often imitated, but never matched—"The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations"? and, not far below it, his memorable warning against party spirit—"A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume"?

Still again, terser legends from the same prolific source salute our gaze: "Cherish Public Credit;"—"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all;"—"Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a Government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

And, above all—a thousand-fold more precious than all the rest—here will come streaming down from time to time, to many an eager and longing eye, from the very point where its tiny aluminium apex reaches nearest to the skies—and shining forth with a radiance which no vision of Constantine, no Labarum for his legions, could ever have eclipsed—some of those solemnly reiterated declarations and counsels, which might almost be called the Confession and Creed of Washington, and which can never be forgotten by any Christian Patriot:

"When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the revolution, in preparing us for the reception of the General Government, and in conciliating the goodwill of the people of America toward one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to any personal agency in all those wonderful and complicated events, except what can be attributed to an honest zeal for the good of my country."—"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an Independent Nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential Agency."—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensa-

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Fires.

PHILADELPHIA, February 21.—Three houses were burned on Pine street, and a Mr. King was burned to death in the building, while Mrs. King jumped from the window with her babe. The babe was killed.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., February 21.—Fifteen stores were destroyed by fire here today. Fire caught in Barley & Bunting's livery stable.

PHILADELPHIA, February 21.—A disastrous fire occurred at 504 Market street, doing damage to several firms of $35,000.

NEW ORLEANS, February 21.—The Louisiana penitentiary was berned today at Baton Rouge.

Two Railroad Accidents.

CINCINNATI, February 21.—St. Louis express ran into commuter's train at Delhi, a switch having been left open, and Nelson Sayler, lawyer, was badly hurt. M. C. Ready, Third National Bank; A. D. Clark; Mr. Drake, of North Bend, Judge Conner, common pleas court, and a number of others were seriously injured.

The New-York express on the Bee Line, approaching the city, was derailed at Lockland, and Max Fleischman, and his brother, Charles Fleischman, of Cincinnati, and a New-York lady, name unknown, were seriously injured, and several others were bruised.

The Campbells are Going.

LONDON, England, February 21.—The Scots Guards left today for the Soudan. They were addressed by the Prince of Wales and cheered by the people.

Explosion.

WELLSBURG, W. Va., February 21.—Several buildings were destroyed and six persons killed, two of thm children, by a natural gas explosion today.

Collision.

UTICA, N. Y., February 21.—An engineer and fireman were killed in a collision on the West Shore road to-day.

Short Held.

NEW YORK, February 21.—Short was examined today, on charge of stabbing Phelan, and held.

NEWS NOTES.

Stewart, the English general who was wounded, is dead.

E. P. Eldridge, of Jefferson, Texas, and Parker Carroll, of Baltimore, car porter, were killed, and P. L. Plaup, of St. Louis, badly crushed in a railway accident on the O. & M. Friday at North Vernon, Ind.

Oregon is not yet out of its senatorial agony. Hirsch and Moody are opposing Republican candidates.

Three thousand carpet weavers have struck at Yonkers, N. Y.

Nothing of importance was done in Congress Friday, nor in the Ohio legislature except the passage of the bill authorizing New Carlisle, this county, to issue bonds, which is now a law.

The Dynamiters.

If civilization must confront dynamite, why not do it with a better face? So far the claims of criminals who wreak their small vengeance have been ridiculously greater than their achievements. They have said they would "blow up" Parliament; they have ended with having a couple of torpedoes or cannon fire-crackers, which tore a hole in a wooden floor and wounded a dozen people, some of whom actually carried the blazing contrivances, and yet escaped death. The big stained windows have been broken as ruthlessly as any crowd of small boys might have broken them. The damage is far less than attended the first "great explosion" in 1883, at the Government buildings, not far away. Men are handling dynamite all over the world; more workmen are accidentally killed by its agency each year than have ever been wounded through all the scheming of the assassins. The sensation caused in the public mind by the explosions is out of all keeping with their consequence. As a fact, the dynamiters have failed. The world is not at their mercy; their dream is at an end. They probably know it, and are more unhappy than the most unthinking of their hoped-for victims. A sharp watch for dynamite-throwers, together with the failure of dynamite as a destructive agent, will soon lower the business below vitriol-casting. The moment the people look at the matter practically, that moment the villians' occupation will be gone, for when stripped of its fright and horror, no act of vandalism is more senseless and impotent.—*The Current.*

Domestic Notes.

Calves' feet prepared in this way are excellent for breakfast or lunch! Cook the feet in salt and water with two bay leaves and two cloves until they are quite soft. Remove the bones and chop the meat fine, and mix it with a rather thick batter. Fry in small cakes in hot drippings or butter.

A lunch or tea-cake made by this recipe is very good. One cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two cups of milk, two eggs, one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a good oven, and eat hot. This cake must be broken, not cut.

A nice omelette may be made in this way: Beat two eggs very light, add a cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped boiled ham, a heaping teaspoonful of onion and one of parsley, both minced. Mix well and pour into a hot frying pan in which a piece of butter has been melted and let it fry a delicate brown.

Prunes are so often cooked haphazard that they are not relished. It is well to have a definite recipe for them, as they are necessarily often used for the children's tea when richer preserves are excluded. Put one pound of prunes in a stewpan with water enough to cover them, a large cup of sugar, three cloves and a stick of cinnamon; simmer until the fruit is quite soft.

C. M. L. sends this recipe for blanc-mange. Soak one ounce of gelatine in a quart of milk for two hours, add a small cup of sugar and place over the fire. When the sugar and gelatine are mixed with the milk, and the mixture is very hot, remove from the fire and add a wine-glass of sherry and half a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Stir while cooling to prevent the cream rising to the top. When cool pour into a mold and set on the ice.

Potato pudding is a pleasant dessert made in this way: One pound of mashed potatoes, one quarter of a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar stirred to a cream; add the potatoes, the beaten yolks of four eggs and a pint of milk. Beat this mixture until very light; flavor with the grated rind of half a lemon, stir in the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth; put into a buttered pudding dish, and bake half an hour. It may be eaten hot or cold.

A good beefsteak pie is made of two pounds of steak and one calf's kidney, one small onion and four sprigs of parsley finely chopped; one teaspoonful of thyme, marjoram and celery salt, with white pepper and salt to taste. Mix the seasoning together. Cut the steak and kidney in small pieces. Line a well-buttered dish with paste; put in a layer of meat; sprinkle with the seasoning until all is used. Cover the top with paste, glaze with milk, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half.

Apples en beurre are nice for lunch. Peel and core the apples. Take slices of stale bread a quarter of an inch thick and then cut them in round pieces about the size of the apple, with a paste-cutter. Butter each piece, place an apple upon it, and fill the hole in the apple with sugar, putting a piece of butter the size of a hazelnut on top. Place the apples and bread in a buttered baking pan, and set it in a moderate oven. When half done fill the hole again with sugar, add a pinch of cinnamon, put butter on the top as before, and bake until done; serve warm. When done the apples may be glazed with apple jelly and put back in the oven for two minutes; this improves the looks of the dish.

Two Painters Slaves.

A great point of resemblance between Murillo and Valasque was their desire to help others; for, to individuals and to all that led to the advancement of art, they were equally generous and unselfish. It chanced, singularly enough, that their two slaves and color-grinders became painters, and were treated with equal kindness by their owners. The slave of Valasque was Juan de Pareja, a native of Spanish America. He secretly practiced painting, and on one occasion, when King Philip visited the studio of his master, Pareja showed the king a picture which he had finished, and throwing himself on his knees, begged his majesty's pardon for his audacity. Philip and Valasque treated him with kindness, and gave him his freedom, but he served his master as long as he lived. The works of Pareja are not numerous; a few are seen in the Spanish galleries, and there is one in the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg.

The slave of Murillo was a mulatto, named Sebastian Gomez. He painted in secret until he ventured to finish a head which Murillo had sketched and left on his easel. The master did not resent his freedom, but was happy to have made Gomez an artist. The works of Gomez are full of faults, but their color is much like that of Murillo. He died soon after his master, and but few of his pictures are known.—*Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas for February.*

The ex-Communist and cut-throat, Ollivier Pain, who is reported to be in command of the Soudan rebels at Metemneh, went from Paris last year, openly avowing his intention of joining El Mahdi's army. "All Englishmen in Egypt," he said, "must share the fate of Hicks. I hate all law and order. England is the home of law and order. Therefore, I hate England Vive l'Mahdi!"